

# THE BASKET.

Vol. I.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 10, 1887.

No. 4.

## RESISTANCE.

Sometimes I feel so passionate a yearning  
For spiritual perfection here below,  
This vigorous frame, with healthful fervor burning,  
Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,  
So cruelly it sometimes wages war  
Against the wholly spiritual existence  
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions:  
Some hope it strangles of divinest birth,  
With a swift crush of violent emotions  
That link me to the earth.

It is as if two mortal foes contended  
Within my bosom in a deadly strife;  
One for the loftier aims for souls intended,  
One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war within me,  
Which brings out all my will-power and control;  
This very conflict at the last shall win me  
The loved end longed-for goal.

The very fire that seems sometimes so cruel  
Is the white light that shows me my own strength;  
A furnace fed with the divinest fuel  
It may become at length.

Ah! when in the immortal ranks enlisted,  
I sometimes wonder if we shall not find  
That not by deeds, but by what we've **RESISTED**,  
Our places are assigned.

ELLA WHEELER, Madison, Wis.

A boarder in the country wishing to take a ride, and not knowing much about the roads, he happened to take one of two roads leading to the same place, and it proved to be a very bad road. He got excited, and felt like hanging the road commissioners. He went in search of the chairman, of whom some of his neighbors gave the following characteristics: "Don't you know why he won't repair that 'ere road?" said a farmer. "It's because he has a tavern on the good road, and by keeping t'other dangerous, he forces folks up his way, and he sells more liquor, don't you see?" "I found this noble official," says the victim, "asleep in his own bar-room, and gave him a big piece of my mind, which probably did as much good as though I had talked to the moon."

Our traveller, having thus relieved his mind, passed on, but soon encountered a steam threshing machine, at which his horses took fright, ran away, and smashed his wagon. He then threatened to prosecute the machine-men, to which one of them responded, "Well, stranger, you kin prosecute to the day o' judgment, but the question is what kind of a verdict kin you git out of a jury of farmers? They all want threshers, and they'll go agin you every time. You'll be wuss off than you are now, stranger, 'cos you'll hev to pay costs."

"I'm enjoying my summer immensely," concluded the summer boarder, grimly.

The President's Message is devoted almost exclusively to the tariff question and the surplus in the U. S. Treasury, which, at the present rate of increase, will soon reach the enormous amount of \$140,000,000. He advocates a reduction of the duty on some articles, but says "the question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant; and the persistent claim made in certain quarters, that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free traders, is mischievous," etc. The newspapers as usual differ widely in their views of the message—some highly eulogizing it, and others speaking of it as a "short-sighted, ill-advised lecture upon defective information, hackneyed arguments, and highly partisan."

We think it has a sort of non-committal aspect.

**SENSITIVE.**—A lady of our acquaintance, occupying a seat in a crowded city car, on seeing a woman enter who had the appearance of aged, white hair, &c., arose and offered her seat to the "old lady." She promptly refused it, bursting out in a spiteful way, "Umph! No! Keep your seat. I'm no older than you are."

A Methodist church has been erected at Collingswood, and was dedicated on the 4th inst. It is a one story building, and is capable of seating about 300 people, and cost about \$3000. An Episcopal church has also been erected there, and there is a Baptist church at Westmont, (whilome Rowandtown.) Collingswood is a thriving village about half way between Haddonfield and Camden.

The Prohibition laws of the State of Kansas has been declared valid by the U. S. Supreme Court. All property, the Justice said, under our form of government, is subject to the obligation that it shall not be used so as to injuriously affect the rights of the community, and thereby become a nuisance. The State of Kansas had a right to prohibit the liquor traffic. It did not thereby take away the property of the brewers. It simply abated a nuisance. The property is not taken away from its owners. They are only prohibited from using it for a specific purpose which the Legislature declared to be injurious to the community. By this decision, another prop of the brewers is removed.

A report from Trenton states that, owing to the illness of U. S. Marshal Gordon, he has appointed his daughter, Alphonsine Gordon, "just out of her teens," to attend to the duties of his office. She has full power to sign all papers. [Another secret for "woman's rights."]

Printed and Published by

J. VAN COTT,

BACK of Residence opposite Presbyterian Church,  
HADDONFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 10, 1897.**THAT 100 NAMES.**

Although the 100 names for our little paper have not yet been obtained, the list is slowly growing. It is a small affair and the price high when compared with the big papers, but then they have their thousands and tens of thousands of subscribers, and a very large proportion of their pages taken up with paying advertisements.

It is intended to issue the "Basket" every other week until the 100 names are received, and then weekly—25 numbers for 25 cents. After that, if there should be any considerable number of paying

**ADVERTISEMENTS,**

It will be enlarged to four pages.

Now, if any one supposes there will be any pecuniary profit in publishing the paper on these terms, he or she is very much mistaken. Then why print it? Simply to help to give a little life to the town and for our own and others' benefit and amusement.

A conversation was recently overheard in which it was asserted that Haddonfield was one of the dullest places the speaker was ever in. Is it any wonder? A town supposed to contain some 2000 inhabitants not willing or able to sustain a newspaper! Well, what can be said of it? Shall it be—sheepy or slow?

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church are having "Sociables," at which plain suppers are provided, for which a charge of 25 cents is made, to be used by the Society in their special department of church work. They met last week at the house of Mr. Schwab. They have fixed Thursday evening, the 20th inst., for a second meeting at the Grand Army Hall, Chestnut st.

We are informed that several attempts have recently been made at house-breaking in the town, and that in one or two instances the thieves were successful, and carried off an overcoat and some other property. The season of the year has come when overcoats are needed, and they can be had at low prices, but those rascals, we suppose, see a grim humor in making somebody else pay for them. Look to your fastenings.

Three men were found dead on the Camden and Atlantic railroad on Monday morning last, supposed to have been struck by a night train—Alonzo Hudson, 26, and Elmer Stratton, 17 years of age—the latter said to have been blind. The third one was George Gilman, an employee of the railroad, living at Pavonia.

Rev. Mr. Andrews, of Burlington, is announced to preach in the Methodist church next Sunday.

The ladies seem to be very friendly to our little paper. One of the first volunteer subscribers we had was a lady. Another subscribed for three copies to be distributed among her friends who would not be likely to receive it otherwise.

We notice that showbills are in circulation, announcing that there will be a Lecture in Wilkins' Hall, on this (Friday) evening, Dec. 16, by Rev. Mr. Messaros, a well-known clergyman of Philadelphia. Subject, "Old Maids." We take it for granted that nothing will be said derogatory to this useful class of the community, of which we have quite a large number among us, and we hold them in great respect. They are much better off than if they had allied themselves to some lazy, worthless fellows, or those addicted to strong drink.

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Levick Anderson, a colored man, dropped dead on Main street, near Mansion avenue, a few days ago, from, as supposed, trouble about the heart. He had left his home at Snow Hill early in the morning to meet some one who was to leave on the six o'clock train, and probably over-exerted himself. He was an industrious and useful man.

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From the sound of the axe and the falling of trees in one neighborhood in our town within two or three weeks past, one might suppose we were invaded by a company of lumbermen.

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The Board of Managers of the Free Reading Room, consisting of two persons from each of the religious denominations of the town, and two outsiders, at a recent meeting, adopted a Constitution and By-Laws for their government.

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The corner-stone of the little church for colored people, down on the "Point," was to have been laid last Sunday, but owing to some objection to the stone, the ceremony was postponed for a future occasion.

"I notice," said a subscriber to editor, "you do not work in any mother-in-law jokes in your paper." "No," replied the paper man, "I live with her."

Lowell Cullen.

**PRINTING.** Cards, Circulars, Visiting Cards, &c. printed at the office of the "Basket," back of the dwelling of the publisher, opposite the Presbyterian Church, in Haddonfield. Prices satisfactory.

**ALBUMS.** large size, about 11 by 9 inches, and two inches in thickness, holding about 50 photographs, for only \$1.25.—A very low price. At office of Basket.

**MELCHURON, or PARLOR ORGAN, for Sale.** It is a large-sized one, with handsome case, and is suitable for a small Church or for a Sunday School. Price only \$20.—Apply to the publisher of the "Basket."

**BUREAU,** with four large drawers, three small ones, marble top and looking-glass, and 2 stunted-seat chairs, for sale, at a low price. Inquire at the office of the Basket, back of dwelling, opposite Presbyterian Church.